

# The Cow NOT Monocle

August 3098

M. BARRACK HEBREW ACADEMY

Operation: Ski Trip

Purim 2020

Purim 2020

## Teacher FIGHTS

When test calendar fights are threatened, the gloves come off.

STALIN BUDOLER

Today, JBHA's teachers will fight it out for a ceramic mug emblazoned with the words "BEST TEACHER EVER" to put on their desk. Refereed by the core teachers, and hosted by Larry and Naim, it is the event of the season. The winner will be the envy of all who lay eyes on the stunning receptacle. Plus they'll have a nice cup.

First up in the ring, JBHA's feistiest and closest knit competition. Known for their Rosie the Riveter toughness in requiring primary source documents...the History Department! In one corner, we have Dr. Ziskind. Nearby, cheering her on with "My Old Kentucky Home," PAC

They all recite digits of pi to warm up and accuse one another of being irrational, obtuse, and not real.

and WAC duke it out for her affections. In the second corner, Ivy Kaplan is livid. Mrs. Taichman could not make it as she is on her farm in Wisconsin, probably doing yoga. Mrs. Scheinmann takes the third corner, and is hurriedly grading Gov tests but is ready to take on the competition with her mock trial powers of persuasion. The bell rings to start the match, and



The three ladies hop into the ring, armed with facts about ancient Rome. Dr. Ziskind whips out her constitution (she never leaves home without it) instantly freezing the other teachers as they scramble for their own copies, and snags a win.

Next to enter the ring: Los Rabbis. Instead of fighting, they all gather around Rabbi Rosenberg to gossip (NOT LASHON HARA) about his engagement. No winner is declared, and Ms. Lawrence hops into the ring to chat with her quizzo bestie.

Speaking of Ms. Lawrence, you know it: the English Department is up. In an alarming lack of fight ring decorum, Mr. McLaughlin, Ms. Lawrence, and Mrs. Anderson all bow down to Bita Schuman and question the existential value of being there in the first place.

The Math Department hops in next. They all recite digits of

pi to warm up and then they accuse one another of being irrational, obtuse, and not real. As they begin to circle the ring, Mr. Gormley drops a beat, and it appears as though Mrs. Siney is gaining the upper hand by confusing the other teachers with her accent. As they try to decipher her words, and why she thinks the square root of four is negative two, the room suddenly goes dark. A spotlight shines from overhead, and Yoda, AKA Mrs. Gefter, slo-mo walks up to Mrs. Strick's side. Together, and armed with an Apple Pencil, they are unstoppable. The BC Calc Bunch scream from the sidelines, nearly passing out. No need to say more about who won this round, folks.

The World Languages Department was going to compete, but French disappeared into thin air and no one had the guts to take on Mr. Hofstetter considering his intense training in Gladiator fighting.

The Hebrew Department fight is a close call. Maya Rosenberg uses her Mossad training to knock out Morah Bicky and Miriam, but is too distracted by Hedva's popularity to notice Angela's high heel flying through the air. Let's just say, Angela was a shoe-in.

STEAM and the Science Department enter a joint match to fight over who gets to teach Physics. Mr. Silver made a strong stand, and Mrs. Helfgott even offered them honey as a bribe, but Mr. Maiman came prepared. He aimed the laser cutter towards the ring, and channeling Dr. Doofenshmirtz, threatened to zap them (and the tri-state area) with his take-over-the-second-floor-inator. They backed down.

Finally, the moment you all have all been waiting for: the finals. Dr. Ziskind vs. Bita Schuman vs. Mrs. Strick vs. Angela vs. Mr. Maiman. Hold on -- a surprise competitor! Department champions now must try to beat the boss -- Dr. Katz, whose prestige and position permits him to jump straight into the finals. We're in for a good match. Without the Union, though, the teachers cannot compete against Dr. Katz, who dramatically points to the Periodic Table and exclaims, "I'm in my element, kids!" He promptly wins the match with a karate kick, and he finishes off with a resounding, "I've got bigger fish to fry now. DDK out. Stop by if you're ever in Detroit."

This edition has been brought to you by: the STEAM department's enormous budget

### BEST QUOTES OF 2020

"Do you want to build a snowman?" -- Daniel Spivat

"May the Force be with you." -- Eliot Fitchell

"When we hang the capitalists they will sell us the rope we use." — Hallie Anderson

"Elementary, my dear Watson." -- Dan Paxter



# An Accent Wall a Day Keeps the Doctor Away

Maya "BidenMyTime" Shavit

Last summer, some department heads of Jack M. Barrack Hebrew Academy met to decide how they could better alleviate stress during the upcoming 2019-2020 school year. The school principal, Mrs. Levi, received a slew of emails from concerned Main Line parents announcing their children were afraid to come

back to school for a multitude of reasons. The meeting was transcribed by the Humanities Department head, Mr. Laughlin. Mrs. Levi: Dear friends and coworkers, we are gathered here today to discuss an ongoing issue in the upper school. The stress students experience during the school year has reached an all-time high according to our Math Department. How can it be that a place whose sole responsibility is to determine someone's entire academic path could



#BRIGHTIDEAS

upset the average student. It baffles me!

Ms. Strike: It is honestly insane that these children are stressed out by these very hallways. I mean, they are so bright and cheerful!

Dr. Griskind: Well, one could argue that the students are concerned because of the overwhelming amounts of work we force upon them.

Dr. Cats: That is simply outlandish. The environment the students learn in must be oppressive or confining. We need to have our students feel safe. Nothing should startle them during the day.

Dr. Griskind: Well, what do you propose? The classes follow each other; we can't possibly give breaks between each one. The day would become longer by default and the Allentown students (and no others) already arrive home after five at night or so. Once the bell has rung, the next class succeeds it.

Dr. Cats: That's it! There should no longer be bells. That way, the students will not stress about the next class itself, but when it will begin. The bell is abrupt and harasses the ears of the younglings who barely get enough sleep as is.

Mrs. Levi: Dr. Cats you are onto something! That will surely relieve the

# Dining Commons Yelp Review

Devora "WherelsButtigieg" Solomon

I'd have to give this place 4 stars. I mean the parking situation is horrible; there's often no spots out front and then you have to park down the street! (Insider tip: you can just park behind the other building.) And once you actually get in the place, it's only open for 30 minutes! I mean they must have a lot of customers to be able to only be open for 30 minutes a day. The line is terrible, too. Well, there's two lines, but one is only for little kids. Anyway, you can always skip the line by saying you have a test or something. Now the food. Is. Good. I mean it's not gourmet, but man do they fill you up on carbs! You leave this place feeling so full, you are a bit nauseous, but also ready for the rest of the day. There's no one to seat you but there's always plenty of seating options available. Overall, this place has its downsides but is definitely worth it. But make sure you're on time or else you may not get anything!



stress of class transitions completely, but how will students remain cheerful in class?

Ms. Strike: I know! We should brighten the classes with fun paint. Not too fun though; we don't want the walls to inspire the students to act out against Derech Eretz values.

Dr. Griskind: Exactly! The use of accent walls will most likely cure seasonal depression and generally make our students more productive.

Mrs. Levi: This sounds like the perfect solution to all of our students' problems. Nobody could ever feel stressed about the state of the school again after we have made these calming changes. Meeting adjourned.

Goodbye clock, goodbye desk, goodbye water sitting on the desk and GOODBYE BARRACK!

What will we do without him? Don't go DDK! DDK NOOO

Barrack will live on forever in my heart. I promise, it was worth the schlep. Goodbye for real now.

We don't need him anyway!

Three months later...

Ok! We need him!

The end.

# Adieu from DDK

Rebs "Kanye2020" Shaid



# The Tale of DJ GORMS

Aron "FeelinTheBern" Shklar

We all know DJ GORMS, legendary Barrack DJ, also known to a select few as Mr. Matthew Gormley, Math Whiz. But what we don't know is how he became the DJ



that he is today. His epic saga started when he was 14 years old, during a lazy summer day. He was hanging out with some friends when someone suggested they try making music together. They determined their roles, and young Matt decided to work the turntables. This newly formed young band, still unsure of a name for themselves, held several

practices in their garages over the next few summer months. As they improved, word of them spread, and by the start of their school year, they were being asked to play at various parties of their friends. They started hosting concerts, first for their friends, then for kids from other schools. But as their own school work piled up, they began to accept that they wouldn't be able to keep the band together.

However, as the next summer beckoned, the friends started to think that their band might be able to stick together after all. But then reality struck: their final exams were just weeks away and they had to start studying now. Stress overtook them, and the band was spending less and less time together. Then, the week before finals, the band called a meeting. The pressure of holding the band together mixed with finals was too much for them. They had to take a

break. Finals came and went, but their break persisted. They finally accepted that they were finished. Despite his disappointment, Matt was determined to stay with music, band or not.

Several weeks later, at a birthday party, Matt observed the DJ station in fascination. It was quite similar to the turntables he played with his old band, but much more elaborate. The DJ, bearing a strong resemblance to Philly icon, Questlove, offered Matt a try on the station. The moment his hands hit the "on" button, Matt felt an instant connection to this machine.

## His Epic Saga Started When He Was 14 Years Old

He asked for a few more minutes, and the DJ obliged. Despite little real experience, Matt seemed to know what he was doing. At that moment he thought to himself, "I

feel like I was born to do this." When summer began, Matt started building an online portfolio of famous DJ's and videos of them in their art. He used an online program to practice, and was soon scoring well. High school proceeded to fly by in a blur, and yet he kept working to become a DJ. Now performing under the moniker DJ GORMS, he went to college for music, and honed his skills as a DJ. He finished college and started taking up a few small DJ gigs, always looking for the big one, the one that would make him known. In late 2019, he heard about a Jewish day school, known as Barrack, in need of a DJ. He applied and won the job. A few months later, the 9th and 10th grade semi-formal dance arrived. Matt was asked to DJ, and worked the DJ table for nearly three-and-a-half hours, without stopping. The thunderous applause he received when the dance ended confirmed that his goal was achieved: he had become a legend.

# Mystery of the Plastic Baby

Kayla "BillionaireBerg" Bleier

Have you ever seen a little plastic baby, one so small it could fit on your finger? Perhaps you saw it briefly, barely registering its existence. Or perhaps, you saw it sitting in the most curious location and it made you wonder, "Who put this here?" Well, this baby has been floating around our very own JBHA for months.

It is a mystery how the baby arrived here. One day, it was seen on the banister; the next day, it appeared in the library; every day, it seemed to move. The unnamed piece of plastic was always somewhere new. I remember finding the plastic baby inside of the paper-towel dispenser in the girls' bathroom. Two days later, I found it in the library. Was this baby a pawn in some big game? Was it really hundreds of babies, and I only saw one at a time? That I do not know. I do know that the baby appeared when I least expected it.

This plastic baby only hung around during the first trimester -- unless it is hiding -- and I have not seen it in a long time. What did the plastic baby see while it was here? What adventures did it go on?

The truth is, I do know about the baby. It came from another planet. This plastic mini-figurine is not the only one like itself, as you may know. Tens and hundreds of these little plastic babies can be bought at once. All of them, without exception, are not manufactured on earth as their labels suggest. No -- they come from Mars.

You might have heard of the Artemis program, and you most likely know of NASA, but you do not know every secret in their database. The Artemis program is one that plans to send men and women to the moon within the next ten years, and onwards to Mars soon after. That is no secret. This program is broadcast far

and wide, and many projects are underway to aid it and help it progress. But this widespread publicity has spread to our galactic neighbors.

It has been drilled into our brains since childhood that we are alone in the universe. We all think we know how unique life on our pale blue dot is, but we have been lied to. Life exists, and it exists nearby. There have been robotic expeditions to Mars in the form of rovers sent from earth. After a while, the rovers "die", or lose contact with Earth. The public has been told that this is due to batteries dying or storms covering the rovers. This past February, the Opportunity rover was pronounced "dead", and the mission was declared complete. The published reason for the loss of the rover was that a slow accumulation of dust from storms blocked the solar panels completely. However, recently exposed information from inside sources has uncovered the truth. After fifteen years of active running, the Opportunity rover was overtaken by Martians.

This was eleven months ago, and until recently, there has been little said regarding lost rovers or Mars connections.

Eight months ago, these plastic babies began to appear. Due to data from the rovers sent to Mars, the journey between Earth and Mars can last between seven and nine months. These two occurrences are no mere coincidence. Plastic babies by the thousand have been sent to Earth from Mars. Why? We do not yet know, but we do know that one has made its way into our school. We do not know what information it has gathered, but we do know it is linked to the progression of the Artemis program.

This means that now more than ever you must be alert! Constant vigilance is the key to surviving in this dystopian society we find growing around us. Report suspicious activity, and do not be afraid to question the unthinkable. Something is out there and we will be prepared.





# Why Is My Research Paper Wet?

Devora "WhereIsButtigieg"Solomon

**December 26:**

The air is foggy in the damp, swampy Everglades. The only sounds to be heard are the birdcalls up above in the trees, the quiet whoosh of the oars gliding through the water, the pencil marking the paper, and Dr. Minna Ziskind muttering under her breath.

“Mom, can you take a turn rowing?” Sarah asks, her arms tired.

“In a minute; it seems like my students didn’t care at all about the



footnote instructions this year,” Dr. Ziskind responds.

They continue on like this, Sarah defeatedly rowing down the river. As the day drags on and the mosquitoes begin to come out, Sarah decides to try again.

“Maybe now, Mom? I mean it’s winter break and all you’ve done is grade research papers.”

“Hey, it’s not my fault that my students don’t understand how to put a footnote after the period. I mean, for God’s sake, how many times do I have to tell them? And don’t even get me started on the way they separate their paragraphs. I mean this one has a body paragraph that’s two pages long!”

As Dr. Ziskind holds up the atrocity that is that student’s research paper, the wind blows the sheets out of her hands and right into the river.

“Oh, no!” Dr. Ziskind exclaims. She quickly dives out of the rowboat and after the research paper, which is already drifting downstream. Just as she gets close to it, an alligator comes out of nowhere and chomps down on it. Dr. Ziskind wrestles the paper out of the alligator’s mouth and quickly swims away. She hops back in the boat and holds up the paper triumphantly.

“Maybe now you can row for a bit?” Sarah asks.

“Don’t be silly, Sarah dear; the water washed off all my comments and now I have to start over.”



Dr. Z Grading Papers

**January 2:**

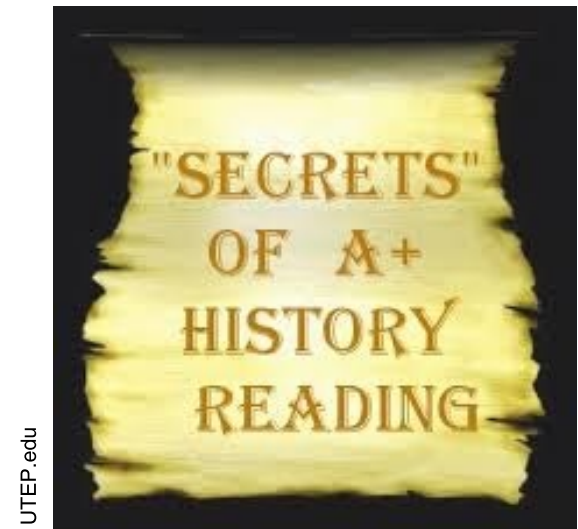
Dr. Ziskind walks into History class first period on the first day back from break. She begins class by handing back the research papers, which she graded over break.

“Hey, why is my research paper wet?” asks Rivkah Wyner.

Dr. Ziskind throws her hands up in the air. “Well maybe if you handed it in on time, it would be dry!”

# How to Get an A in History Without Doing the Readings

Becca "MichelleObamaCanStillWin" Miller



easy, but getting away with it? Not so easy.

When asked if she could tell if students hadn’t completed their homework, Dr. Minna Ziskind, a history teacher at Barrack, responded, “It usually comes out eventually, either in the reading quiz or in the discussion.” Reading quizzes are a special kind of torment because students can never know if they are coming until it’s too late. Sometimes when you don’t do the reading there is no quiz, but you can’t be lucky forever, and inevitably, at some point, you will get caught out, and you will lose those five points and your teacher’s trust forever.

But never fear, because there is a simple method for determining if a quiz is in your future. Rather than turning to a Magic 8 Ball or Ouija board, one can use simple mathematics to predict a reading quiz. There is a formula: Calculate the number of days since your last essay\assignment\test - the number of classes your teacher has + the

History class is notorious for its workload. The almost nightly, always boring readings are tiresome and it isn’t uncommon for someone to spend over half-an-hour reading four pages, which is frankly ridiculous. The simplest solution for Barrack students is to simply not do the reading and save themselves time and energy. Not doing the reading is

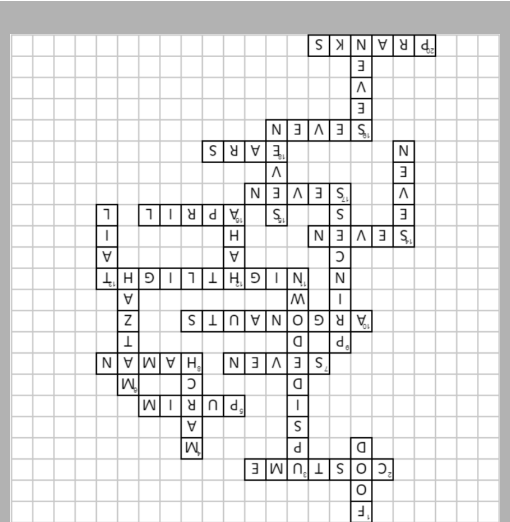
number of times your teacher has shown a video in the last two weeks - the number of cups of coffee you have seen your teacher drink in the last two days. Then multiply that figure by nine and you have the percentage probability of a reading quiz.

But remember -- you can still get caught out in the discussion if you’re not careful. Dr. Ziskind described “that awkward moment when someone asks a question that was in the homework or was literally one of the questions on the homework.” I recommend absolute caution here -- never ask questions, never raise your hand, avoid eye contact, and if the teacher asks you a question, just start describing the plot of the latest episode of the show that you were watching last night instead of doing your history reading.

All of this culminates, of course, in looking at your friend’s study guide the night before the

One can use simple mathematics to predict a reading quiz.

test, realizing that you have never seen these terms in your life, and frantically paging through your textbook/photocopy until you end up having done all of the readings in one night.



Word Search: What did you expect?  
Hangman: "!"  
GAMES ANSWERS:



# GONNA TELL MY KIDS THIS IS A DISASTER

SERENA "MarALagoIsHome" LEVINGSTON

Gonna tell my kids this was Abraham Lincoln



@mjayxx\_

Gonna tell my kids this was the Queen of England



@MuL\_OVO · 19 Nov

My First Lady of United Kingdom 🇬🇧

Show this thread



Serena was **SHOCKED** to discover this is not the Queen of England, but actress Meghan Markle"

I'M GONNA TELL MY KIDS MEMES

EVERY DAY FOR THE PAST FOUR YEARS OF HIGH SCHOOL AT BARRACK, I'VE FELT A SINKING SENSATION IN MY GUT, A KIND OF SUSPICION, WHILE ATTENDING A CERTAIN CLASS. IT'S NOT MATH CLASS -- I KNOW MRS. LINDSAY SINEY WOULD NEVER LIE TO ME ABOUT CALCULUS (IT'S HARD ENOUGH AS IT IS). NOR DO I WORRY IN JEWISH STUDIES -- RABBI MICHAEL YONDORF IS WAY TOO NICE TO DECEIVE HIS STUDENTS. THIS FEELING COULD ONLY COME FROM THE HISTORY DEPARTMENT. THOSE TEACHERS HAVE WAY TOO MUCH POWER IN THEIR HANDS, AND RIGHT NOW, THEY'RE ABUSING IT WITH ABANDON. CONFUSED? TAKE A SEAT AND PREPARE YOURSELF FOR THE SHOCK YOU'RE ABOUT TO EXPERIENCE ONCE I EXPLAIN.

IN EACH GENERATION, HISTORIANS HAVE HAD TO DECIDE WHAT TO INCLUDE, AND WHAT TO LEAVE OUT OF THEIR TEXTBOOKS. FOR EXAMPLE, THE RUSSIAN MATZAH BALL MASSACRE OF 1821 DIDN'T MAKE IT IN, AND NEITHER DID THE AZERBAIJANIAN RODENT REVOLUTION OF 1340. CALL IT UNFAIR, BUT THAT'S THE REALITY. OR AT LEAST IT WAS, UP UNTIL FAIRLY RECENTLY AT THE JACK M. BARRACK HEBREW ACADEMY.

YOU KNOW THOSE MEMES CIRCULATING, THE ONES

THAT SHOW A PICTURE OF SOMEONE WITH THE CAPTION: "GONNA TELL MY KIDS THIS WAS [SOMEONE ENTIRELY DIFFERENT]"? BARRACK'S HISTORY DEPARTMENT ACTUALLY MADE THOSE UP SOME TIME AGO, AND THEY'VE ONLY JUST BEEN LEAKED THIS PAST FALL. THE FIRST ONE I CAME

IMAGINE THE BETRAYAL I FELT WHEN I LEARNED THAT ABRAHAM LINCOLN WAS NOT A SINGER-SONGWRITER AFTER ALL, BUT SOME SO-SO SPEECHWRITER. ("GETTYSBURG ADDRESS"? I'D RATHER HEAR "HIGH HOPES.")

ACROSS WAS A PICTURE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, AND THE CAPTION READ: "GONNA TELL MY KIDS THIS WAS ABRAHAM LINCOLN." CONFUSED, I LOOKED CLOSER. TO ME, HE LOOKED JUST LIKE THE 16TH PRESIDENT: STRONG JAW, TOP HAT, RED SUIT, AND PERFECT EYELINER! HOWEVER, AFTER DOING SOME RESEARCH, I LEARNED THAT THIS MAN APPARENTLY POSING AS OUR ESTEEMED FORMER PRESIDENT WAS, IN FACT, A MAN NAMED BRENDON URIE, THE LEAD SINGER OF THE BAND

## PRIMARY RANKINGS

Stalin Rudoler

Kim Jong Un Wyner

Mussolini Rose

Maya "BidenMyTime" Shavit

Shirin "YangGang" Kaye

Devora "WhereIsButtigieg" Solomon

Becca "MichelleObamaCanStillWin" Miller

Niva "ImWarrningYou" Cohen

Kayla "BillionaireBerg" Bleier

Rebs "Kanye 2020" Shaid

Serena "MarALagoIsHome" Levingston

Aron "SandersIsNotOld" Shklar

Lane "KlobucharredBurger" Barsh

PANIC! AT THE DISCO. IMAGINE THE BETRAYAL I FELT WHEN I LEARNED THAT ABRAHAM LINCOLN WAS NOT A SINGER-SONGWRITER AFTER ALL, BUT SOME SO-SO SPEECHWRITER. ("GETTYSBURG ADDRESS"? I'D RATHER HEAR "HIGH HOPES.")

WHILE THE HISTORY TEACHERS COULD HAVE STOPPED THERE, THEY DIDN'T. JUST LAST WEEK, I LEARNED THAT WHILE THE FOUNDING FATHERS ALSO HAD WEIRD HAIR, THEY WERE, IN FACT, NOT IN A BOY BAND CALLED SLEEPING WITH SIRENS. I'M STILL NOT SURE WHICH GROUP HAS WORSE HAIR, BUT THAT'S BESIDE THE POINT. THE POINT IS THAT RIGHT NOW, THE HISTORY DEPARTMENT IS GETTING AWAY WITH LYING TO US. IT'S TIME FOR US, THE STUDENTS, TO USE WHAT THEY'VE TAUGHT US ABOUT LIBERTY, REVOLUTION, AND CHAIRMAN MAO TO BRING THEM TO JUSTICE!

WELL, MAYBE CHAIRMAN MAO ISN'T RELEVANT HERE, SO NEVER MIND. HE SANG, "GANGNAM STYLE," RIGHT? I LOVED THAT SONG. WAIT, THAT WAS SOMEONE ELSE? JEEZ.

Crossword: Kayla "BillionaireBerg" Bleier Wordsearch: Shirin "YangGang" Kaye

Across: 2. You have one on the side of your face 5. Opposite of right-side-up 7. seven? 8. What is a special food for passover? 10. Practical jokes 11. Jason and the \_\_ 14. A good number 16. Month Madness 17. 49/7 18. What holiday is this paper preparing for? 19. Deadly sins 20. Build a birdhouse in your soul

Down: 1. She does not always need a prince 3. Monkeys and snakes have this in common 4. Month Fools 6. Often word to hear the Megillah 9. Who was hanged in the Purim story? 12. Why are you trying so hard on this crossword? 13. All things you can eat 14. Kids who stayed back from Muss 15. Healthy amount of sleep 19. Days of the week

A	U	L	R	B	W	M	Z	O	A
E	V	B	F	N	Y	D	I	H	G
C	X	Y	Q	C	F	A	P	X	C
E	D	T	W	O	X	E	B	H	G
K	S	D	J	T	E	Z	I	Y	P
P	U	U	Q	O	N	W	Q	X	V
T	S	L	Y	R	Z	J	H	U	Q
M	D	E	I	N	T	A	L	K	R
A	A	G	K	F	C	V	S	D	I
S	T	R	C	M	W	E	J	I	D

Underlined letters: \_\_\_\_\_

Unscrambled: \_\_\_\_\_ ?!

Directions: Words may be found vertically, horizontally, diagonally, backwards, and squiggly. After finding the words, copy the underlined letters into the spaces below and unscramble to discover the secret message.

Words: Crossword. History. Puzzles. Baby. Swipe card. Purim. Paint. Headshot. Teachers. Clubs. Research. Secrets. Music.



# The Faces On The Walls

Becca "Michelle ObamaCanStillWin" Miller

The student headshots lining the walls of Barrack Hebrew Academy are harmless. They're blurry from being enlarged too much, and students might be embarrassed to have their faces blown up and hung in the hallway for all to see, but they don't really affect anyone, right? Wrong.



BECCA MILLER

HEADSHOTS AKA FUTURE OVERLORDS OF BARRACK

"I feel like they're watching me," says Rosie Ackerman '23. And she's not alone. Many students have reported that they sense the eyes of the headshots following them as they walk between their classes. "It's distracting," says Claire Mansheim '23, another student. The headshots generally incite increased paranoia eating away at the psyche of the

Barrack students.  
But to quote Joseph Heller's *Catch-22*, "Just because you're paranoid doesn't mean they're not after you." These students aren't just overly stressed. They're onto something. They sense things that nobody else senses. Some of them noticed that the photos seem to become more in focus as the year progresses but dismissed these observations as their imagination. Pro tip: It's never just your imagination.  
As the year goes on, students as a whole get more and more

Many students have reported that they sense the eyes of the headshots following them as they walk between their classes.

tired and lifeless, with brief rejuvenations at winter break and over weekends. Most attribute this ennui to lack of sleep due to busy schedules, a crushing workload, and mind-numbing lessons. But what they don't know is that their drear is caused by more than just JS class. Something is draining the life out of the Barrack students. And if you're smart, you know what it is: the headshots.  
As the Barrack students grow less lively, the faces on the wall become clearer and clearer. And one day, when we have all become nothing more than mindless robotic sheep just going through the motions, the faces will obtain the humanity that we have lost and there will be disembodied heads simply floating through the school. And we will be powerless to stop them. They will stage a coup d'etat and overthrow SA. They will become the new Heads of School; literally. And there is nothing we can do to stop them.

Mussolini Rose

## Shabbaton Shenanigans

What a weekend! This year, our school made a(n)\_\_\_\_\_ (adjective) choice to take the entire Middle School to a(n)\_\_\_\_\_ (noun) for the weekend. The students were stoked! Friday morning, they all \_\_\_\_\_ (verb) onto the bus, and passed the time with many activities. They played \_\_\_\_\_ (noun), \_\_\_\_\_ (verb) cards, and talked with their \_\_\_\_\_ (adjective) friends. After a few hours, they finally arrived at \_\_\_\_\_ (noun). But as soon as they arrived, they \_\_\_\_\_ (verb) and got back onto the bus for a surprise. They were all going to see \_\_\_\_\_ (movie title). When they arrived at the movie theatre, the students got \_\_\_\_\_ (food), \_\_\_\_\_ (drink), and went to their seats. All the students thought the movie was \_\_\_\_\_ (adjective). As the students arrived back at the camp, they had \_\_\_\_\_ (time) to get ready for Shabbat. Kabbalat Shabbat and Maariv were \_\_\_\_\_ (adjective), and dinner was \_\_\_\_\_ (adjective). After dinner, JLI planned some fun activities to celebrate \_\_\_\_\_ (holiday). On Saturday morning, the students woke up \_\_\_\_\_ (adjective) and went to morning services. After services, the students had the choice to \_\_\_\_\_ (verb) \_\_\_\_\_ (noun), play \_\_\_\_\_ (noun), or hang out with friends. There was a lot of time to just enjoy the natural environment. The best part of the Shabbaton was \_\_\_\_\_ (favorite part). Havdalah with the entire Middle School was \_\_\_\_\_ (adjective), and the trip back to Barrack was anything but \_\_\_\_\_ (adjective). Overall, the Shabbaton getaway was super fun, and I \_\_\_\_\_ (your opinion on the Shabbaton)!

## Is Christmas the Best Jewish Holiday?

Lane "KlobucharredBurger" Barsh

Once the end of November rolls around, annual sleigh bells appear in force. Michael Bublé comes out of hibernation and Mariah Carey reappears to remind us that she's still a soprano, a queen, and not dead yet. Christmas music echoes throughout the globe, casting a sudden, snowy chill on humanity. In the December 2019 publication of *The Jerusalem Post*, scientists and rabbis alike revealed compelling research that shows that the average Christmas-celebrating citizen accumulates peak Christmas spirit on November 1st, exactly 55 days before the holiday itself. So even though people have plenty of time to prepare themselves, they still fall into the traps of the season, and when I say people, I don't just mean Christians. In reality, almost *everybody* celebrates, or at least finds themselves stuck in the whirlwind of the spirit of Christmas in one way or another, including Jews. Upon additional research, *The Jewish Voice* news source found that Jewish composers wrote the most popular and well known Christmas songs, including, "*It's the Most Wonderful Time of the Year*," by Edward Pola and George Wyle, "*Santa Baby*," by Joan Javits and Philip Springer, and "*Silver Bells*," by Jay Livingston and Ray Evans. And don't forget the classics, "*White Christmas*," by Irving Berlin, and "*Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer*," by Johnny Marks.

It's crazy, really; these songs just corrupt you, but with...pizzazz? In a recent *Chronicle* interview with a random Baltimore native named Rabbi Joshua, he revealed that he "can never get the tunes out of [his] head". The global enjoyment of Christmas music is a number one problem facing modern Jews today. Even when Christmas is over it doesn't end. Christmas time overlaps with midterms, vacation, and most importantly, Hanukkah. Christmas often tends to outshine its older sibling Hanukkah, shifting the focus strictly to Christmas. Poor

## Christmas spirit even ropes in members of the Chosen People.

Hanukkah, alone and disappointed. Rabbi Joshua recalls his younger years, sitting by the chanukiah while listening to the newly discovered Maccabeats, who only achieved mainstream attention once releasing their breakout Hanukkah hit, "*Candlelight*," in 2010. Apparently the Maccabeats are old news now, and I have yet to meet someone who believes that listening to Hanukkah music is as much of a personality trait as listening to Christmas music.  
In a recent interview with a dear old camp friend and fellow Jew, she informed me that she is currently pursuing an inter-cultural relationship with her cross-wearing, church-loving boyfriend. He, being a Christian man who participated in the

vibrant activity of decorating his Christmas tree prior to 2019, invited my friend to join. Not only did she willingly accept the invite with little hesitation, happily anticipating a new experience, but she thrived on the spirit and joy. Apparently, Christmas spirit even ropes in members of the Chosen People. My Jewish friend is living proof. She thoroughly enjoyed these holiday pleasantries, smiled and even snapped a selfie with her boyfriend in his agonizingly bright Santa hat. She even posted this picture for the whole world to see, including her bubbe.



Sarah Rogers/The Daily Beast

BUBBE'S HEART ATTACK



# JBHA Is An Unsafe Zone

In the past few months, students may have noticed a number of new posters on doors, walls, and teachers' offices, all saying the same thing: LGBTQ Safe Zone. While those posters may exist, Barrack is nowhere near being a safe zone, but I'm not talking about LGBTQ folks. I'd like to

Maybe you've used this bathroom before; maybe you've been avoiding it because you've heard about its gross issues; or maybe you're just a boy.

raise awareness for another, much more significant problem afflicting this school. "What is she talking about?" you may be asking yourself. I'm talking about...Barrack's bathrooms. What you're about to read is an extremely personal, first-hand narrative about my experience in Barrack's bathrooms; so sit back, relax, and prepare to be shocked.

The first bathroom on the list is the ground-floor girls' bathroom. Maybe you've used this bathroom before; maybe you've been avoiding it because you've heard about its gross issues; or maybe you're just a boy. Either way, I'm here to speak up about my traumatizing experiences. At the beginning of the year, one of the stalls' doors didn't lock. Either the hinges were loose, or the framework itself was crooked -- I'm not sure. Whatever it was, it made everyone feel uncomfortable. Thankfully, within a few months, it was fixed. However, not two months had

passed before the other stall door stopped locking. Think for a minute, about the purpose of bathrooms. They're the only place of privacy in a school where everyone knows everything about everyone else. Imagine having that privacy and sense of security taken away, and then you'll begin to understand why Barrack is truly an unsafe zone.



STUDENTS PROTEST DISGUSTING BATHROOMS

While this may seem like a complete story, my experiences in the ground-floor bathroom barely scratch the surface of Barrack's unsafe bathrooms. Using the third-floor girls' bathroom is always a gamble. Here's some Barrack trivia for you: Room 309 shares a wall with that bathroom, and since Barrack's walls are notoriously thin, often, the sounds of a lively Jewish Studies class

are audible through that wall. I've accidentally overheard many JS classes, and it's incredibly unsettling. Not only that, but both sink options are terrible. For some reason, the left sink only produces burning-hot water, and every time I go to wash my hands, I forget. It's not like the other sink is much better -- the water pressure is too high, so it sprays all over my arms.

Another problem with the third-floor bathroom has to do with Barrack's relatively new obsession with TikTok, an app where people create short videos to share with the world. Of course, Barrack has its fair share of TikTokers, as they're known, and what better place to film them than the third-floor bathroom? After all, it has a large mirror, to see and correct your dance moves. There have been multiple occasions when girls making TikToks block the sinks, and I have to say "Excuse me" a few times to be heard. The worst part is, the girls always move so that the only sink available is the one that only produces boiling water, so I'm left with hands that feel like they've been sunburned indoors.

In the end, I don't expect much to come of my testimony. Barrack's bathrooms have been atrocious for as long as I can remember. All I ask is that you sympathize, and advocate for better bathrooms. As hardworking students, we should rise up because it is our right to have functioning bathrooms. I think Rabbi Hillel said it best in his famous line, "If not now, when?"

## Welcome to the STEAM Jungle

Kayla "BillionaireBerg" Bleier

Deep in the recesses of the STEAM lab lives the one and only Mr. Arthur Maiman. He is the leader of the mysterious indigenous tribe of the second floor of the Jack Barrack Hebrew Academy: the STEAM Department. Tribe members are known for their ferocity, their ability to blend in, and the weird smells coming from their hazardous lodging. Not one of them ever leaves the warren of rooms nestled between the floors of the high school building. Together, with Mr. Maiman as their tribe leader, they make a life amid the jungle of wires and dangerous pointy things. Although no one comes out, too many students make the mistake of entering the STEAM lab. These unfortunate souls are never heard from again, save for their cries of anguish.

Every year the number of inhabitants in the lab grows. Mr. Maiman

kidnaps a college student every summer, and while feeding him or her a concoction of sawdust and sink water he convinces the student to live amid the drill bits and wood scraps forever.



Left to Right: Danielle Wilson, Arthur Maiman

Mr. Alex Diehm, seized this summer, is the resident child. Too young to know better, he lives and works diligently in the lab, desperately trying day after day to blend into the throngs of middle school animals stampeding through the jungle.

Mrs. Carly Clouser, the quieter and newest member, appears to have survived thus far with her sanity still intact. She has managed to secure a safe space in the

mayhem. Perhaps her skills will lead the tribe to further innovations and less primitive methods of living.

Ms. Danielle Wilson, a long-time resident of the STEAM lab tribe, is only now learning to get away from the insanity of the laser cutter and 3-D printers. Slowly she is escaping, barely working in the lab all day.

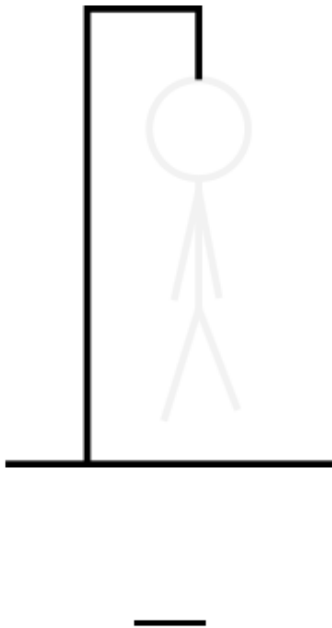
She is no longer recognized as a STEAM teacher, but a physics teacher! The computer science teacher! A human being!

Despite the crazed nature of the department, the teachers all live and love like a family. Escape is the only way to stay sane, but escape is not so easy. The tribe, one of many department tribes existing within the walls of this very school, hunts and gathers together. The members teach together, and they also eat bad students alive together.

As a researcher of many unusual human species, the STEAM Department tribe is one of

the most fascinating. And to think it has existed secretly under this roof for years! As always, stay surprised, stay safe, and stay on the lookout for stray jungle people.

What Am I?  
By Maya "BidenMyTime" Shavit





# Declassified: Bells’ Disappearance Investigated

Shirin "YangGang" Kaye

“Classes should start and end when the teacher says and not when a bell rings.” Dr. Darin Katz, Director of the Upper School, explained this as the school’s reason for doing away with the bells that used to grace the school with their ringing at the start and end of each period. Though this reason is widely known by now, the Chronicle dug deeper into this subject by interviewing its sources (who prefer to remain anonymous) and has the inside scoop to share with its devoted readers.

Over many days in the summer, school staff occupied the school buildings working busily on curricula, policy developments, and facility remodelings. Near the end of August, as administrators tested electricity, plumbing, and the PA system in preparation for the nearing school year, they discovered a shocking, grievous disappearance; the carefully-coordinated bells software had been wiped from the computers and the once-synchronized clocks around the school each differed by 17 minutes and 42 seconds!

How did this happen, we all ask? The security team combed through video surveillance records and interviewed people on the scene for answers. They discovered a video from a morning in mid-August of two people entering the main building through the front door; one opened it with his/her swipe card and held it for the person behind; both adults wore long, hooded raincoats. Another shot captured the blurred back of a person with a short-haired wig which was falling off her head while she rummaged hurriedly in receptionist Mrs. Marlene Underwood’s

desk drawers and examined her intercom. A few minutes later, the same woman was captured in the second floor office hallway entering the technology office, staggering to force the lock open while wearing a long skirt to which she was clearly unaccustomed. The fourth suspicious clip showed a raincoated figure exiting through a side door in the Dining Commons, carrying a heavy, fabric bag stuffed with flat, black items whose corners stuck out,



Barrack’s Bells

while staff members enjoyed lunch between meetings.

“I found it strange to see Mrs. Pransky near the front desk on my way to the bathroom right after having left a meeting with her in the Beit Midrash,” one teacher recalled, “but I shrugged it off. I was at a dinner party the previous night, so I figured I was seeing things in my exhaustion.”

Mr. Patrick Naylis, Manager of Information Technology, described the scene when he entered his office later that week: “The lock on the door was damaged, the server had been dismantled, and two computer hard drives were missing. The

office was in a state of disarray, as if someone searched for something, found it, then rushed out without a care for the mess.”

The security team determined that the criminal disguised like former Core teacher Mrs. Judy Pransky, intruded within the school building, and stole the devices in which the clock and bell systems were stored, arousing minimum suspicion at the time.

Obviously, the teachers were horrified. The STEAM Department was assigned the task of reinventing the stolen software within one week. They managed to write a code to return all the clocks to the same time, but failed to recreate the bell system.

By the week of orientation, the school had a problem. The administration came up with a clever, somewhat-logical reason as to why the bells had been “taken away” (so as not to scare the students with a story of school infiltration). And the recent shootings in the news provided a legitimate reason for the more stringent crackdown on swipe card compliance. However, the real reason for the increased security measures at school was to prevent a different type of crime from being repeated, much closer to home.

When students were welcomed back to school in September, life continued as usual -- except that everyone experienced heartache, missing the 23 bells that had controlled each day. The Barrack community sincerely hopes that, when the criminals are brought to justice, our beloved bells will be welcomed back with open hearts and waiting ears.

## SWIPED

Maya "BidenMyTime" Shavit

As my canary-colored ride pulled into the Barrack lot, it dawned on me: I was swipecardless. I felt naked and afraid without my line of defense. How could I possibly sneak past the faculty that guarded the entrance to my studies? I was well aware that a place on the list of shame is beyond embarrassing and scars a student's record. I already had two marks, so what would happen if a faculty member found me, already a common criminal, swipecardless. Ideal students can kiss Harvard goodbye when they are caught without their golden ticket by Bryn Mawr's elite facility.

With a deep breath and a creeping sense of shame aching in my stomach, I charged through the line of Main Line-Mom Teslas, caught the heavy glass door, and made my way into the building. I took my place beside the lobby's grand piano, zipped my fleece up to my neck, and prayed that my check-in teacher was feeling forgetful today. I approached the teacher-guard and braced myself for the worst.

"Swipe Card?" he routinely questioned me.

"I forgot mine at home, sir...I'm so sorry!" I responded on the verge of tears.

"Code Magenta, we have a stowaway!" he bellowed, and within minutes, the Barrack hall revved into action.

I turned to try and blend in with a flock of incoming ninth-graders, but it was too late. Someone yanked my Adidas backpack, and I was cuffed to a looming Derech Eretz Pledge Flag in seconds. I waited, defenseless, and was barred by a flock of attendants until a new adult arrived on the scene. I had seen this figure before. He was a tall man, decked out in the latest technology and a Cougars XXL athletic crewneck. I had seen him around school over the past few days but had assumed he was a new IT guy, or better yet, another one of the young STEAM teachers that could pass as a gangly freshman. He grabbed my cuffed wrists and charged me up to the Middle School.

"Where are you taking me?" I challenged my keeper.

"The fifth floor," he smirked.

I, like other naive students, was blissfully unaware of the fifth floor. My captor led me up an endless number of stairs. Finally, we reached a password-protected brass door covered in ivy and "Worth the schlep" bumper stickers. He punched in a complex code and scanned his retina until I heard the soft sound of the door dislodging. He dragged me into a dark room, which first seemed like any of the quarters on the fourth floor, but dimly lit and removed from society. However, I shortly deciphered that this room was unlike any other place. My eyes scanned the walls, and I was suddenly bombarded with the motivational bathroom stickers that told me I was struggling and failing. I genuinely felt like the labels had gotten to me. Psychological warfare: that was the administration's game.

I didn't know what would ensue. I was cold, broken, and defeated. All of this, simply because I forgot to bring my cursed swipe card.

COOKIES STOCK ILLUSTRATIONS

